CANTERBVRIES DREAME:

(57)

IN WHICH

The Apparition of Cardinall *Wolsey* did preſent himſelfe unto him on the fourteenth of May laſt paſt:

It being

The third night after my Lord of STRAFFORD had taken his fare-well to the WORLD.

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44 (57)

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

CANTERBVRIES
DREAME.

ON the fourteenth of May, betwixt the houres of twelve & one, when the night was growing towards the morning, and darkneſſe did yet incompaſſe me, my unquiet thoughts did interrupt my ſleep, and the terrour of the afflicting place wherein I lodg'd, did poſſeſſe my ſoule: (whether awake, or in a viſion I cannot ſay) but me thought, the reverend ſhadow of Cardinall *Wolſey* did preſent himſelfe unto my view, and with a gracefull and Majeſticke gate, accoutered with thoſe habiliments which did become his honours, he walked thrice by the ſide of my bed, and waving his left hand to me, hee leaned himſelfe at his third returne, upon his Croſier ſtaffe,

and with a ſoft voyce hee whiſpered thrice into my eare, My Lord, my Lord, my Lord.

Though my faith in the great redeemer of the world, my Lord Jeſus, to whoſe Name without ſuperſtition I ſhall ever bow, had prepared and confirmed mee to over-looke all feares and dangers which fraile fleſh doth ſtoop unto, I was amazed at the preſence of the man, and by his proud deportment being not able well to diſtinguiſh whether it was the Cardinall *Wolſey*, who had Kings to his favourites; or whether it was the Cardinall of Richeleau, who had *Balzac* to his ſervant; my diſputing thoughts made up to my firſt preſumption, that it was indeed Cardinall *Wolſey*; and the rather, becauſe the honeſty of Philoſophy doth inſtruct mee, that no ſublunary creature can make an intuitive diſpatch, but being bound by the juriſdiction of Nature, to obey her termes of place, cannot move at once in two ſeverall places, though oftentimes the abuſed fancy preſents unto it ſelfe the counterfet and phantaſticke bodies of abſent friends or foes, the fancie being overcome by the dominiering paſſions of love or hatred. But the Cardinall to cut off all doubtings, began thus to ſpeake unto me: My Lord, the newes of your greatneſſe, and the noyſe of the falling Epiſcopacie, hath rouz'd me from the ſloath of death, to underſtand what new ambition could prompt againe the Miter to aſpire un-

to

to a parity with the Crowne, what policies could ſupport ſo bold an enterprize, what ſpirit give warmth unto ſo dangerous a worke. I gave no anſwer at all; whereat, either indignation of heart, or in aſſuming unto himſelfe by my ſilence, a greater liberty of language, he thus proceeded: My Lord, I had thought after my fate, that no man would againe adventure to preferre the pomp of this vaine world to the ſervice of Almighty God, & the cares by him injoyned to his charge. My Lord, you might have read in the example of the right reverend Father in God, *Thomas Becket*, ſometimes Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and in my ſad legend, how dangerous it is for Prelates to nourish ambitious thoughts; and that the higheſt glory of the Church is the humility and the harmony of the Prieſts; but becauſe that men blowne up by Fortune, will ſwell themſelves into any deſigne, be it never ſo impoſſible: what flattering conceit did tempt you in your pride of heart to magnifie your Grace with mine, in a time when the Engliſh Clergie lived not in that pompe and flouriſh as in my dayes they did; when their beſt revenewes lye impropriated to certaine Lay perſons, and when it is almoſt impoſſible to obtain or to hope for a recovery.

I had a great minde to give him that anſwer which his cauſe deſerved, but having quite abandoned this world and anchored my faith on Jeſus

Christ, I lay silent while he thus proceeded. My Lord, never dreame to make such parallels perfect; I must confesse my parentage was as low as yours, my education in the Universitty was in *Magdalen* Colledge of Oxford, as yours of Saint *Iohns*; Indeed my growing honours received not that priviledge to bee President of *Magdalen* Colledge, as you were of the other, my nobler wing did soare to a brave height, and though the Chronicler who for all his name makes more hastethen good speed, delivers me to be a Schoolmaster; I was in Oxford Tutor to my Lord of Dorsets sonnes, a charge that calleth for the indowments of an honest & an able man. *Alexander* was more obliged to *Aristotle* for his education, then unto *Philip* for his Kingdomes, as it is a greater honor to be a Christian then to be a man: God elected me to be an Embassadour to his people, & *Henry* the 7. to be an Embassadour to a most royall Prince, besides the honour of the Cardinalls cap, and the broad seale of England. I sate at once in seven Episcopall seas, and the Primat of England (which is the greatest dignity that ever you arrived at) was content to have his Crosses and his traine to follow the Metropolitans of Yorke: I liv ed as gracious in the eye of my Soveraigne as your self, though it was your happinesse to meete with a Prince of a more excellent and a more constant temper. Earles have beene proud upon their

knees

knees to take the assay of my wine: It is true indeed, that you have countenanced learning and the muses, and have beautified and improved their habitations, but not in my magnificent way: The hatred of the Commons hath beene unto us alike, and some great men in both our times have grieuously accused us: I was condemned as the causer of all heavy impositions, and my Lord how you can purge your selfe from that accusation, you best can speake: what though Sir *Amias Paulet* was by my meanes for the space of sixe yeares retained a prisoner in the midle Temple, I doubt not but you have made more then one man suffer, and have put them to a harder if not a longer durance. The ruine of us both was indeed in both our times the joy and the voice of the people, and for the many barrells of gold and silver which I extorted from the Commons to release the captive Pope, I doubt not but you have found new waies to raise as great sums, and for what ends (my Lord) your selfe best know. My Lord let not your selfe or succeeding ages, make you my parallel, for though you equall me in my errors, I surmount you in my honours and magnificence: much more I have to say, but this is the third summons of the Cock and to fill the number up, I must returne unto the children of night; I was preparing to make my answer to him, but immediately he vanished from my sight,

but

but with a louder voice then before: as he turned his backe, I heard him to utter these or the like words: My Lord though I depart I must leave you behinde me, wherein your fate hath prevented the condition of many your late State delinquents, who make a common custome, as they say, first to offend, and then to run away.